

PORTLAND TRIBUNE.

PORTLAND, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1845.

The co-partnership heretofore existing under the firm of PLUMMER, CUSHING & Co. is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

E. PLUMMER,
W. H. CUSHING,
D. C. COLESWORTHY.

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NATURAL HISTORY.

If there is one subject more than another in which all should feel interested, it is the works of God as seen in the land and in the sea, above, around and every where. To facilitate the study of nature, several individuals in this city have united under the name of the Portland Society of Natural History, and are now making collections in every department of Natural History. We have one of the best collections of birds in the United States, and our Geological, Mineralogical and Conchological cabinets, comprise large and valuable specimens in each department.—Our quadrupeds as yet are few, but constantly increasing. This society has been in existence but little more than a year, and behold the results! The members are few in number but they are mighty in zeal and energy. They are determined to do all in their power to build up the Society and make it an ornament to the city.—We number among our active members, such men as Rev. Dr. Nichols, Rev. Mr. Chickering, Rev. Mr. Condit, Rev. Mr. Whitman, John Neal, Esq., R. A. L. Codman, Esq., Dr. Wood, Dr. Nichols, Hon. Judge Shepley, Woodbury Storor, Esq., Charles Jones, Esq., Edward Gould, Esq., Dr. Mitchell, Josiah Pennell, Esq. and several others—men of genius and talent, who are entering in their efforts to promote this laudable undertaking.

The Society hold meetings once in two weeks at the City Hall—where a lecture is delivered by one of the members, after which several short addresses are made. At our meeting last week Judge Shepley gave us a valuable lecture, followed by Dr. Nichols, Rev. Mr. Beecher and others. No one who attended this meeting went away unimproved.

The next lecture will be by Dr. Wood, on Wednesday evening. We must say a word for this gentleman, and run the risk of a scolding the next time we meet him. There is not a better educated man nor a riper scholar in our community. He graduated at Bowdoin College, after which he spent several years in some of the best institutions in Europe, to complete his education, and now he has settled among us, exerting his influence in behalf of natural science. We do hope that thousands of our citizens will flock to the City Hall on Wednesday evening to hear his lecture, and we assure them it shall be no ordinary treat.

The Natural History Society at a recent meeting voted to receive donations in every department of natural history, and also relics of antiquity and specimens of art. There are individuals who have minerals, shells, stones and other things, of no manner of use to them, which would be acceptable to the society.

There are many rare birds, quadrupeds, reptiles, minerals, stones and shells in our State which might be obtained with little trouble and forwarded to this Society. We have had it in contemplation for some time to visit the eastern country, the Adirondack, perhaps, and Moose Head Lake, in company with a friend, to collect whatever we could of rare natural objects, and now think that as soon as the snow disappears and the weather is settled, we shall undertake our proposed journey. If we thus journey, we shall be happy to receive information from our eastern friends as to places, routes, &c., and thank them for any assistance they may render in obtaining specimens in Natural History.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

We have on hand a lot of communications, but how shall we dispose of them? Here's an article on *friendship*—it is so original that we will give one stanza:

"How sweet the joys that flow
From friendship's peaceful bowers;
Her smiles make paradise below,
In this dull world of ours."

The same of the *Poet*:

"The Poet soars on Fancy's airy wings,
Above the reach of sublunary things;
And in his flight pursues his upward way,
Beyond the clouds, beyond the solar ray."

Here is a stanza by "Skors,"—who is he?

"Farewell, my dear Matilda Jane,
I'm going away a roaming,
Over the deep, blue, vasty main,
Where mountain billows foam;
Like cousin Sally Smith's soap suds,
Send up their dreadful bubbles;
Yes, 'Tilda, I've packed up my 'duds,
And am going to leave my troubles."

"S. E. H." has sent us some lines on the death of a friend. We are sorry we can give but four lines:

"She has gone, the bright and truthful
Has sought a better home;
Our Father loved the beautiful,
But has called back his own."

"To a friend," and "My Love," are not as good as some articles we have seen from the same pen. Here is one stanza:

"Tell me not in measured strains,
Of the woodland and the plains;
Tell me not of smiling flowers,
That adorn the verdant bowers;
For a fairer than ye deem,
Now shall be my willing theme."

"To ——" is not to our liking; but we will show him the same favor we bestow upon others—so here goes:

"Yes, lady, I will ever keep
One place within my heart for thee—
Though Love's mad chains across me sweep,
Thou'lt still live in my memory;
Thy name, thy love, in sacred trust
Shall be enshrined within my heart;
Aye, till I'm numbered in the dust,
Friendship for thee shall ne'er depart."

Ah! here comes a prose writer—sober as a wheel-barrow. As he has not been too modest to sign his name, we give it, with the closing paragraph of his article:

"Sin is the cause of all our woes, and ever has been. The science of Mesmerism is beginning to be understood, and its benefits appreciated by the community. Old Cash has risen from the dead—Millerism is on the decline. The temperance cause is progressive—its march is onward—onward—like the slow and intrepid tread of a jackass towards a peck of oats! Go on—go on! Steam ships and steam-cars and rail-roads are all the talk now-a-days. Good bye!"

JOSIAH L. THOMAS."

N. P. WILLIS. Brother Streeter, of the Richmond Star is very severe upon our friend Nathaniel. He thinks with a great many, that Mr. Willis was wrong in abusing those respectable ladies—professors of religion—who were called upon to testify against the conduct of Bishop Onderdonk. The following is an extract from the Star:—

"Among the foremost of this gang of moral freebooters, is that miserable apology for a man, Nathaniel P. Willis—a creature of no weight anywhere, and the last to be selected as a teacher of ethics. It would be of small consequence what he might say, were it not that there is a class, the very last to mete out the measure of public morals, who echo similar sentiments—lacked by the loose views of the Bishops who sustained their guilty brother. It is a strange union—this of Bishops with a man of the

world," in defence of a clergyman charged with as disgraceful a crime, as can be found in the libertine's calendar; strange indeed."

Again, and Mr. Streeter is severe:

"Did the character of Mr. Willis stand above even the breath of suspicion, still this one act should forever cover him with infamy, with all honorable, generous and gallant men. To have attacked the clergymen, whose hands are tied, would have been bad enough; but when he lays his vile fingers upon the good name of mothers and daughters, for no reason, voluntarily, and strives to murder their peace, and that of their families, he does an act, which no other brute in human form would be tempted to do, though steeped in crime. Had he believed what he wrote—and he does not, and cannot—still, feeling, charity, honor, would have kept him silent. His villainous conduct was voluntary, unnecessary. He is wondrously sensitive about character, when his own is slightly assailed; but his soul is little enough, and fiendish enough to find pleasure in blackening the characters of pure, weak women. We hope he will yet be made to drink of the bitter chalice to the dregs, which he has placed to the lips of innocent women. No man, with the spirit of a man, will spare him."

So much for what Mr. Streeter says; had we penned an article half so cutting, a week would not pass by before we should have a lawyer at our heels, with an express message from Mr. Willis, to prosecute us forthwith for defamation of character.

THE BLUES.

Away with those peevish, sullen looks! What are you thinking about? Are all your friends dead? Is the face of creation clothed in sackcloth? Is there nothing for you to do, but to sit down and weep? Up—up with you, and no longer make yourself wretched.

"O, thoughts of men accursed!
Past and to come, seem but; things present,
worst."

What if your business is poor? This is no reason why you should despond. Have you failed? Try again. Cast aside those dull, dark, terrible looks. You will be up in the world again, if you pursue a right course. While you are fretful and peevish, your best friends turn from you, unwilling to associate with one whose disposition is enough to destroy all their happiness.

In the midst of slanders and reproaches, we have seen long faces and heard doleful remarks.—Why? Let the poet answer:

"Against our power we aim our will;
Amidst our plenty something still
For horses, houses, pictures, planting,
To thee, to me, to him is wanting;
That cruel something unpossessed
Corrodes and leaves all the rest—
That something if we could obtain,
Would soon create a future pain."

Lugubrious man immortal, wake up and turn over a new leaf. Away with that everlasting sigh and resolve to wear, with the face of nature, a light and sunny face. Then and not before, will you find life worth keeping and the world worth staying in.

MILLERISM.

This folly has broke out anew in the eastern section of our State; or at least some of its beauties are brought to light. In Orrington, Atkinson, and some other places, the scenes enacted by the deluded, are revolting in the extreme.—In some of the meetings they kiss and wash each other's feet, roll on the floor, and act as if the devil himself had full possession of them. One woman actually appeared before an assembly entirely naked, stating that she supposed it to be a duty she owed her Maker.

If such scenes are enacted by the Millerites in this city, we do not hear of them—in fact, we believe there are very few Simon Pure believers here. There is a monkish sheet, issued, near the residence of Mr. Cash, Long Creek, Portland, advocating Miller's theory—but who supports it and how the deluded creatures live, is a mystery to every body. There cannot be a dozen inhabitants in the vicinity, we think, who

would support such a paper. It would not be a bad idea for the clam digger at Long Creek to advertise in this paper. It would in more senses than one, be food for the Millerites.

P. S. Mr. Cash is not dead, as we stated a few weeks since. He is alive and hearty and looks as good as new, since he has recovered from his illness. It was a narrow escape for him, poor man.

WARREN'S GEOGRAPHY.

A writer in the Brunswick Forrester is quite severe upon the Geography published by Rev. Mr. Warren—and if what he states respecting the errors of the book is true, he cannot but be justified in his strictures. He says the Geography contains "numerous repetitions, unpardonable mistakes, and faulty definitions."

A large portion of the Geography is filled with boundaries, localities and descriptions which are worse than useless with an Atlas.—It was, probably, prepared to be used without an Atlas. But when the Atlas appeared, nine lessons, at least of the general view, and some other portions ought to have been omitted as useless."

When there is a rage for book-making and money-money, scores of valueless works will be thrown in the market. As each author has his particular friends, it will be but little trouble for him to obtain such recommendations as he wishes. But people should be cautious how they give their sanction to new works. Our country is overrun with school books, and yet every week or two we see something new, from a primer to a Philosophy. There are few better spellers than Webster's and although we have had a hundred or two in the market, since his was first published, they have nearly all been forgotten, while the Elementary retains its place in our schools. We sincerely hope that authors and publishers, will have some mercy on the public, if they do not upon themselves, and from this time cease to flood the country with miserable trash in the shape of school books.

The Natives are endeavoring to make John Neal the Mayor of Portland, Me.

[Noah's Messenger.]

And why shouldn't they? Where can they find a man who would better fill that office? Not only is Mr. Neal talked of for Mayor of the city, by the Native Americans, but also by the Temperance folks, and many Whigs and Democrats. If he is nominated—and we have no doubt he will be—"he will be elected by an overwhelming majority," as politicians say.

Since writing the above, we find the following truthful paragraph in the New York Sun:—

An Excellent Nomination. John Neal, Esq., of Portland, Me. has been nominated as a candidate for Mayor of Portland, by the American Republican party there. Mr. Neal is one of the best of men, and would make an excellent Mayor, a good member of Congress, an efficient Governor, a faithful U. S. Senator, or a first-rate Vice President of the United States.

STRANGE DISEASE. St. Francis county, Ark. is at present visited by a new and distressing disease, which has carried off in some neighborhoods a great number. The symptoms of the disease are not given, and the physicians appear to be baffled by it.

Somebody writes that he observed a flock of pigeons passing between Frankfort and Indiana territory, one mile at least in breadth; it took up four hours in passing, which, at the rate of one mile per minute, gives a length of 240 miles; and supposing three pigeons to each square yard, gives 2,330,272,000 pigeons!

NEGRO STEALING. A fellow named W. R. Bush was arrested on the 25th ult., at Helena, Ark., on the charge of stealing negroes, and on the night of the 25th made his escape. A reward of \$200 is offered by the citizens of Helena for his apprehension.

The American Republicans of New York city have nominated Mr. Harper for re-election.